ROBERTSON'S CHEAP SER

POPULAR READING AT POPULAR PRICES.

MEEKINS'S TWINSES:

A PERDUCKSHUN UV

MOZIS ADDUMS.

☞ A fine uv $5 fur Readin tnis Thing out'n a Slo' Walk
Git a Duzen kopies—I'm arfter Munny fur Meekins.
These Buks is sold fur no Falt uv Thern,

TORONTO:

J. ROSS ROBERTSON, 67 YONGE STREET.

1878.

MEEKINS'S TWINSES.

DEDIKATION.

To the Hapy Man that aint Got but One Chile & Him
growed up, and Doin uv a Good Biznis in a
Fur Distunt Lan', whar He kant be
Heerd a cryin in the Nite
fur His Bottil,

I DEDIKATE THIS WUK—

This Brocher, as they says in Frentch.

M. ADDUMS.

MEEKINS'S TWINSES.

Babis in ginrul is bald-heded, bo-leged disturbers uv the peece. The cums into this worl' frownin' horrid, fists dubled up, red as peper, hot as jinjer and hongry as hogs. You got to 'ten' to um—got to drap all biznis and 'ten' to um then and thar, or elts you'll heer from um erly and ofting. The nuss launches um into life with a dram of some kind, and then wunders they luvs whiskey when they has growed up.

But twinses is misteyus vizitatins uv Providens; a urthquake in 2 colyums, the rite and lef' wings uv a hurrykane that thar aint no accountin' fur. They cums like claps uv live thunder out'n a clere sky in the midil uv the day or nite (they aint a keerin which) and kon stirnates the naberhood. Nobody aint never prepared fur um, and thar is a rushin' 2 and fro ov docters, nusses, and wimmin that shakes the chimblys and jars the whole visinity. A feerful tiem?

They fetches no bagige, not arag, not a blame thing, not even a swaller-tale kote and a standin' coller, but they cums to stay. Thar is much borrowin' uv klothes—it takes nuf dry goods to set up a firm uv twinses as to stok a good size Brod st. sto—and you've got to opin a milk depo and free bodin hous on the spot, lookin' fur yo' pay in a nuther and a better worl'. Becoz twinses has but vage idees uv settling bills.

Many wimmin arrives at yo' manshun, and thar is much miratin. The po' men fur sevrul bloks aroun' gethers on the cornders uv the streets and wunders to eche uther if twinses is ketchin' like mezils and chicken pok. Thar minds is onesy. They goes to Pothekerries to git sum intment agin the things.

But taint no use, no manner uv use. Kwinine nor brimstone nor kerosiv sublimit, nor nuthin' knowd to man can't keep um off. Twinses is misteyus things, and thar is no akountin' fur um one way nor the uther. Hew Biar, the Drugger, can't put up nuthin' to fend um off, nor Tom Doswell, with all his expeyunse, can'tinshure um. If they ar a cumin, they ar a cumin, and if they aint a cumin all creashun cant hurry um up. Twinses is the most obstinit and opinyunated kattil I know.

Thar is a nuther misteyus thing 'bout twinses. Them that wants um cant have um—thar is men in this vale uv dadshimness and limitid spondulix that never duz ketch up with what they is running arfter, no matter what they do—and them that dont want um, and kin hardly turn thout treddin on childun, has um shure. Here they come a hoopin and holrin. Now me and Tom Cuckportrik is the very pattun uv men for twinses, was cut and dride you may say to be fathers uv twinses, but nary a twin have cum these 30 yeer, tho' we have been dyin fur um. On the uther hand, look at Meekins; uv all and uv all humins! Meekins—but mo' anon. No; twinses is misteyus. To the rich man childun cum one at a time, like balls down the troft uv a tenpin alley, but to the po man they cums

"——— 2 by 2,
Like the elifint and the kangeroo."

Twinses is like the pistums or the walking beam uv a stembeote—when you lays one down you takes the uteer one up, and when they both opins their skapepipes and squalls at the same time, why letting off steme is Quaker meetin to t.

F'yar well, vane worl',
I'm a gwine home.

No you aint—you're a gwine to 'ten to them twinses, 'ten to nuthin but them if you don't want the hous to cum down; and a plezant time you'll have uv it. You may talk to me 'bout Gypchun bondige, but a muther at ded uv nite wrastlin with two bawlin squallin twinses, one holrin to see if his holrin aint louder holrin than the holrin uv the uther one holrin—a mother endurin uv that bondige sturs my sympathies mor'n the Gypchuns and Izralites combined.

A quare thing is that the man gits all the kredit fur twinses, while the woman, that has ten thousand times a heap the hardest tiem, don't git nun. Folks is inclined to blame her and tell her "no mo uv that, now." But the man puts on his hat and walks 4th with a ar uv modist pride, like the man that chawed the ho'ns off'n a steer fur a bet. "I don't take no kredit fur this," he kinder seems to say, "I reely don't, but still I want to get the kredit all the same. 'Taint everybody has twinses, and then is umbil 'bout it like me." And they tell me thar is wimmin that actilly is envus and jellus uv wimmin that has twinses, and wood fain git the resipe if that was one. Well, thar is childun that brags 'bout being sicker than uther childun, and its a twisted sort of a worl' we live in enyway, I don't onderstan it no way—nor I don't ever hope to. It gits me—got me long ago.

The last obzurvashun I got to make 'bout twinses ar this: The kin do more kryin to the minit and kive a squar inch quicker and thicker with brawl and squawl than any uther livin thing except a Linchburg ockshuneer uv lugs.

These few remox is drord 4th by Meekins. Uv all and uv *all*—but I'm a cumin to that dreckly. Peter Meekins is my naber—our back lots jines. He is the wevil-eatinest man I know. Somethin is always the matter with his durn tung, and from gum-biles to corns thar aint nuthin that he don't have and keep on havin it. Dispepsy is his stanby, and when he aint got that he fills up the chinx with dipthery. He can't barly walk, becoz he's got the furtogo. Things won't gee with him, so he is always in a state uv wo. Uv all and uv *all*, he takes a melancholy view. This worl' looks to him like a mixter uv misry, blucin and lamp-black. Uv all humins! I kinnot understan it. Thar aint mo'n enuf uv him to make a do mat, he is very shucky and shaky, and is frazled out at its edgis into sumthin that answers as hed, arms and legs. Now uv and uv all humin beins who should hav twinses but this same Meekins: It's a fac, by gum! and it just knox me down you know. I aint' fetch breth good since I heered it.

My wife must have told me, but my mind have bin so o'kupied with politix that I disremembered it till the uther day when I mete him on the strete. He were very sadd. His chin wiggled and his nose wobbled, he were so very sadd.

"In the name of mizry," says I, "Meekins, what's the matter?"

"Ah!" he says, groanin, and the water gathered in his eyes.

"How is your drotted tung, now?" I says.

"Taint that," says he, and the teers cum rollin down his holler cheex, and his nose trimbled.

"Tell me, tell me quick," I says; "I feel so sorry fur you, and I want to do sumthin fur you rite away."

"Well," he says, in a vois that went to my very hart, "I were—I were took down with the twinses 'bout 3 month ago, and bin very lo ever sinse."

"What!" I ixclaimed, "you? uv all and uv all, you got twinses? Giv me yo' han!" and I grabed him to kongratulate him.

But I heered sumthin like krokry crackin inside uv him, and feerin he would cum to peeces in my han, I let him go.

"Yes," he says, "they has lit down on me in my ole age, and they is hevy." And he weept.

"Well, well, well!" I says, "Uv all and uv all—this beats bobtail. Gearls ov corse?"

"No," he says, sorrowful, "two uv as fine a boy as ever swollered catnip."

"And you cryin about that?" says I.

"Two nusses," he says, "two kribs, two sets uv—uv—uv everything—two——." And he sobbd—he actilly did.

"Cheer up, my lively lad" (much lively 'bout him), "cheer up," I says.

But he wood'n cheer a bit.

"Two baby carriages, two par uv shoes, two soots uv klothes, too everything, too much! too much! too much!" And he farly boohood.

Says I, "Meekins, fur goodness sake don't giv way so—you'll bust the breechin uv yo very soul if you kepe on that a way."

But he kep on, and throwing his face down into his hands, said in a pashun of teers,

"Dubil tile and dubil trubil,
Children bile and babis bubbil."

I kin stan a good deel, but my temper giv way at this. Says I, "You infurnil old son uv a ropensapeny, if you don't stop howlin here in the strete in brord day lite 'bout nuthin but twinses, I'll ketch you by the nap uv yo nek, fling you into the middil uv Mills's garding, and leave you thar a mass uv fragmints fur boys to fling at kats with."

This stopt him. "Ah!" he says, "ah! this 'ar a worl' uv much wind on the sunmick and skeersly nuthin in the breeches pockit." And with that he shuffled off his mortal kile in the dreckshun uv sig own house. I went to mine madd—madd with a doub'l "d." And I says to my wife,

"Did you know old Meekins had twinses?"

"Know it?" she says, "didn't I tell you the very day they was borned?"

"May be you mout," I says, "but my mind hav bin so grunnd and glude up with politix and Return'n Bodes that———"

"———you bored me every tiem you returned home till I wisht them bodes, as you call um, was saild over your mouth."

"Well," I says "what doo you think uv it?"

That were the wrongest questun that ever I axed in all my life. It let down the tale-bode uv her naterally lerge tumler cart uv elloquense, and she drownded me then and thar.

"Think uv it?" she skreakt. "Think uv it? Its the outrageousest owdashusest peece uv impertinence that's bin puppetrated in my naberhood in 40 odd year. It's a sin and a shame and a shockin overwhelmin skandil that pepil pretendin to be desent shood act in that way. Genteel pepil, like sum I know, don't hav no twinses—they've got more regard for sersiety than to hav um. But I know these Meekinses uv old. They had um a puppus—a puppus"—stompin her foot and drappin her nittin—"jest to git into notis and to git good things to eat. And mo things has cum to the Meekins since them twinses was borned than I got pashunce to tell about. Bread, cake, pies, puddins, breakfasts, dinners, appils, oranges, prunes, dux, potridges, Mallegy grapes—thar is old Meekins a eatin sum this very minit——."

Shure nuf, thar was old Meekins settin by his sellar dore a doin sum of the dolefulest chawin you ever see.

"Yes," she went on, "its a delibrit, depe-lade plan to git notyriety and rise in sersiety. But they couldn deseev *me*,—no! I never encouraged twinses, and never will. They gits no custard and thin biskit from *this* house, nor they never wont." And then her wurds duvtaled and run into one nuth r that fast that I couldn ake out nuthin she said—nuthin but "Jib jib jib—jab jab jab—jibjab jibjab jibjab—jibber jabber jibber jabber jibber jabber—whing whang fing fang bing bang ding dang ling lang ping pang ting tang ring rang—r-r-r-r—attertatterclattersplatter!"

Whew! I had heerd uv a heated turm, but here was a heated turmigint uv the wust kind with a venjunce. Jodge! she jest did leeve me the top uv my hed, and that were all. I were thankful fur that, becoz I see how it were in a flash—the old 'oman were black mad with jellus envy uv the po' littil afflicted Mrs. Meekins, a good a woman as her husband is no count.

I riz.

"Madum!" says I, drawin' myself up to my fool hight, "Madum:" I says in tones uv sopesuds and thunder: "Madum! taint no use, no erthly use. *I ain't Aberham*," and stoopin down and pokin my face into hern, "*nor you ain't Sary, neither.* So shet rite up!"

She's 50 last grass if she's a day, and got Irish blud in her too, but she didn't even open her lips. She sniffit me down with kontempt and konsintrated venum that druv me sparg out'n the hous, and I foun myself in the back poche, holrin' at the pitch, tar, and turkentine uv my vois, "gimme ar! gimme ar! fur mersy's sake gimme ar!" fur I were neerly ded, that whurlwind of words had tuk my breth away so.

Old Meekins's cook, Lizer, a likely woman, cum outn the kitchen to see what were the matter. I reckon she thot I were distrackted, but old Meekins didn even turn his hed, he were so bizzy with his Mallegy grapes.

My son Floojin, my yungest child, 'bout nine yere old goin on ten, and a good boy, tho' I say it—Floojins had heerd his muther what she said, and folrin' me into the back poche, went down the steps, sayin as he went by:

"Doggon my skin of kats! I'll fix him."

With that he begun huntin round the yard till he diskivered a rusty old padlock, and takin good aim at Meekins, he let fly, and by the livins! he prestovetoed him off'n the face of the earth. He jest blotted him rite out. Thar were the cheer he set in, thar were his hat and sum few skatrin grapes, but Meekins was nowhar. Floojins had wiped him into thin ar. I stood eff and dum with astonishment, for Wyman hisself never played a trick equl to that.

But bimeby, ten minits by the wotch, here cum old Meekins out uv the sellar, a site to see

—a congloberashun uv blud, teers, har, eyebrows, skin and grape juist, fearful to behole. It were horrible, but it were funny too. I lafft till I neerly dide, and Lizer cum out, took the old man to the hydrant, wo ht him off with a dish rag, and led him slow and paneful into the hous.

This brot me to my senses, and shamed me so I didn know what to do. So I lookt down in the yard to find Floojins. Nary Floojins did I find. But presently I seen him in Mills's garding—he had gone thar to commune with his own little innersent and confiden self. I put on my hat, went over to whar Mr. Bowers, the stove man, is a bildin sum houses, gethered me a peece uv skantlin, and lit into that Floojins till ou would a thot the Chesapeek & Ohier frate trane was a cummin in on tiem and a howlin.

It dun me good, and it dun the boy good, but it didn't help Meekins. He lost enuf skelp to kiver a trab-ball, and I feel so sorry fer him. I'me a goin to take up a subskripshun uv caf skin to mend it. Dr. Koleman says the old man will be out in a week if the urrosipelus do'nt set in, and his tung don't git sore agin. But I'm not a goin to bed till I do what's rite by po' old Meekins

I've reecht a good old age, have traviled fur and wide, have eat a heep, bin to North Kiliny, livd in Am'erst, seen much and dun meny things, but Meekins havin twinses lays over eypthing that ever hapined in my time. Its the ivent of the age. Uv all and uv *all*. Meekins! Twinses! I don't bleev it. 'Taint so. I kinnot onderstan it. My dried litenin bugs throws no lite on the subjec. It a dark misteryus mistery.

MOZIS ADDUMS.

Konfexunery & Feed Sto,
Rockitts, Dec. 27, 1876,